

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him downe upon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuell in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Prince of Denmark

For women feare too much, euen
And womens feare and loue hold
Eyther none, in neither ought, or
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is
Where loue is great, the lilest doubt
Where little feares grow great, gre

King. Faith I must leaue thee lo
My operant powers their function
And thou shalt liue in this faire wo
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason
In second husband let me be accus
None wed the second, but who ki
The instances that second marriag
Are base respects of thrift, but not
A second time I kill my husband
When second husband kisses me i

King. I doe belieue you thinke
But what we doe determine, oft w
Purpose is but the slave to memor
Of violent birth, but poore valid
Which now the fruite vnripe slich
But fall vnshaken when they mell
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our sel
What to our selues in passion we
The passion ending, doth the pu
The violence of eyther, grieve, or
Their owne ennaatures with ther
Where ioy most reuels, grieve do
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender
This world is not for aye, nor tis
That euen our loues should with
For tis a question left vs yet to pr
Whether loue lead fortune, or els
The great man downe, you mark

For